

rate as well, it was very awkward to do it with a 9" was allowed when we shot when told me today, that little girls 'didn't do that', Stranga was always more like him a run down in the dirt one I remember.

The hospital must have been quite young when she died I suppose. But I was grateful for a little private path which had been made for the walk. Sing the house. It was called the 'Blue Arms' because there had been the family's coat painted in blue on the gates at each end. It was a good place to find flowers & birds nests - I liked to watch the baby moments there in Springtime when the birds would be there with several chicks.

My Father lived & worked in the land because he worked the farms & the land. So I was married when I was about 14 to him as Dick. Daphny. It seemed like the beginning

'I'll be glad that's what his parents sell him since he told the case to sell them surplus for them the day they visit to the college farm. It seems the old man was not over generous. My father had grown up on farms in a different part of the country where the landowners were like at Daphny. She brought her best shins. Estate guide must be very expensive. I was not in case of time.

His death came as a shock. My father would be many things. The one I first was a London house. Not at all interested in the country & an agent was installed at the estate office. The day house was of the family that sometimes there parties came from the family. A part of my father's would be my home, a little the family would be quite a possession as they entered church. But we did not stand up.

When they were in residence the
 family life and interest in the village
 affairs. The new leadership was very fatherly
 & kind with an old accent or kind, which
 Holan said was like Queen Alexandra.
 There were two daughters the Demostiles
 who were probably a Jew. One they
 organized choruses at one of the concerts
 and my sisters were the dancers in which
 the young ladies had been brought a
 new red coat suits. I was allowed
 to join the chorus of dances.
 The artist John was artistic & was
 when seen sketching around the village.
 One Sat. morning I had to put on my
 best clothes & go up to the living house
 because she wanted me to sit at her.
 I wondered why she had chosen me
 there were many brother children
 named but thing said I would be
 the second to move. I had the
 about just that which would make it
 easier for her. So I had no
 illusions.

The main entrance to the house
 was through an ornamental gateway
 which was called "The Knolls" Race
 you to the Knolls there was a double
 challenge when we came out of school,
 but I'd never been inside a table
 house looked long a night away.
 There were beautiful trees, times
 have been singing time, as I can
 remember singing with wonder at
 the delivery of the opening courses.
 I think that was the first time I
 experienced the joy of musical beauty -
 my greatest treasure & comfort through
 out the years ahead.
 I came to the stable yard where a
 groom directed me to a ride desk
 there was a tall handle, but I did
 not know how to use it so I asked
 kindly several times, eventually
 waiting days through a postman -
 to read me through long passages

to a small room where there was
 an oval a dining table - not
 my coat of diamond net, I pulled
 a face at it & wondered I could
 escape into the dining garden where
 I had a ~~small~~ explore through
 the tall windows.

The door was in a room where she
 smelt very sweet & I heard that some
 of the furniture it was had melted
 she & my wife & I walked face, she
 sat me in a chair & as I had to
 repeat this night just at those times
 I had seen I did the night things,
 but I can only remember the sleep of
 rivers which she gave me when I
 left. I heard her but was glad when
 I could see down the long corridors
 into the yards & saw the finished
 set but which I thought did not
 matter me. I wished I had earlier been
 with my friend at home.

One day I thought I'd take
 a short cut home & left through the
 back garden door under the large gate
 tree & into the water garden. Perhaps
 I would see the house. Their farm
 was some time between the hills of
 London. Perhaps, going a stone field
 toward home I thought.

Some time later I was with them
 going around the village & would
 be long in the morning. I would
 in the morning when they made
 their way out was called in a sign
 of rain. I wondered how that
 the company they could come from such
 beautiful creatures.

In water garden the water garden was a
 very place. I was all the men were
 some a great time. Bill the carpenter,
 painter & car, like a timber man.
 I was, would set off with a strong
 team of horses and the long timber
 wagon in the morning, returning
 from the woods loaded with trees.

limbers at about the time we came out of school. The boys would take a running jump to ride on the still sleeping limbers until one boy caught his foot in a chain & later died from his injuries. That was the first time death came to my youthful circle, to the summer camp.

Soon it was over on a quiet and quiet sleep had a funeral. We went to the cemetery after school. There was a long pile of flowers. I couldn't understand. Raisi Jimmy could be under there. A 'Soye in the Arms of I was' as teacher had said.

We were told that there were no more immediate funerals as a lot of children became ill with 'influenza' headache fever called 'polio'. They recovered and recovered were left in a weak state of sleep.

All of the children were 'station children' who lived near the

railway which ran along the outskirts of the village. It did in fact run under part of a dam, for when the C.W.R. obtained the land for the line, it was on conditions that the dam must not be removed from the long house. So on otherwise unrecording, the dam had to be made.

This was probably obtained by the same standard on which first earned all the lands in the village. It was placed between an over-riding and over-riding at the big house. The farmer's had a dam & during the week in the summer's fall, a dam or long of work was organized, someone died then end of the week it was in the month.

The other side was so strong they pulled the gate alone & in many cases out of the water & the only source of water & conjuring. The winds of the fathoms were carried when the children for several generations the man of the village had the make a long

journey to get a drink.
 I remember the Summit's Hall on
 various occasions when we went
 there for about. That's a funny
 thing? I can't see painted on the
 wall was 'Friends are welcome for
 life' I wondered what 'life' was a
 subject we wouldn't have to eat it!
 We had a party on 'Peace Day' the night
 we left town ^{traces} via the Pats &
 were given a ^{modest} ~~modest~~ for having
 survived the war I suppose, although
 I don't think country-children were
 as much affected as the 'timorous'
 for as much of our part was home
 produced I remember something
 called 'coca-cola' which came in
 hand glass tumps. Was it a perfume
 of meagane? I don't read it to most
 others, but not the wild fantasy
 ones, which were packed into a
 wooden box with other goods, &
 sent to 'the boys'.

'The boys' were supplementary diagrams
 for us. I had the funny 'Every
 body's a fighter' ^{of the} ~~of the~~ after
 during a sleeping on all my other
 men relations might & morning. I
 would end it with and make us all
 good Amers.
 Our first boys did some work, essentially
 from Egypt & Selangor, but there were
 many widows' when we saw small
 community. I had seen my Mother's
 mother singing, as they read from
 long lists of names in the news-
 paper.
 Once a young man named Tom
 was sent weeping out our father
 table because his wife's mother
 had been killed. He told us that
 his Mother had met the almost
 gas in their orchard, & spoke
 to him just before the telegram
 arrived announcing his death.

A neighbour's son was determined
 to a brass memorial tablet was
 placed on the wall next our parlour
 in Church. I was beginning to
 read them, & was to read it out
 'Something about' They that go down
 to the sea in ships, & his name
 Robert Percy.

His family must have been
 farmers for a while as they would
 not have got in our part of the
 Church, which was known as
 the 'Farmers' aisle'. I would have
 rather set some time when as we
 were right under the Vicar's eye
 there, & I was afraid of the
 vicar's wife set in front of us.
 She was a neighbour, who was quite
 well all of the world, but on Sunday
 was trapped in a heavy gauge which
 Hather said was indeed a miracle. I
 didn't get up quickly from my
 praying, hardly, they remained
 & looked over me, & I hated their

touch. She set by Robert Percy's
 father, a very solemn man, as was
 my Dad. They were Churchwardens &
 had to set an example in behaviour.
 Both found it difficult on one occasion
 though, when a large pig came
 appeared on Mr Percy's allotment, & made
 frequent journeys towards his seat,
 & once when it was found that
 the neighbour behind it had managed
 to put two large beams into Dad's
 pocket. They were in fact until
 after the fact started to take the
 exhibition.

After some days a large stone
 cross was built at the cross-roads
 outside the Church. On the anniversary
 Sunday the Lord would pray
 there & the Vicar would read out
 the names of the boys who had
 not come to school. There were four
 of the same family, and a
 their poor Hather would stand
 amongst us - whispering bitterly.

She was a widow too & worked very hard in the fields. When the threshing-machine came round to mow the corn, she followed it to the farms, to cut the bonds from the sheaves before they were thrown into the ditch. No woman was ever seen in trousers then, so when the bottom of the skirt was reached & the knee started to burn, one would sometimes run up his leg. The boys found this very amusing, having tied string around their ankles to prevent such embarrassment. The acts of scorn were carried through a sort of stunt to the 'tells' - is that a ~~stunt~~ stunt - 'Sawestraline wood' - It was up a stone flight of stairs, a money dump used in big days were at odd in it's mostly darkness. These six cats hunted rats very

effensively & had their frequent battles. ³ I remember the house to being in particularly to take a cat, that was full of white cats & ~~was~~ was with them outside & large house & chairs, being from great circles. The cat was rather dangerous with black pupils, but I remember that it ~~was~~ was the large circle of white because I think it's small. There were the dogs and one the calves were mowed in seen next to the farm, but was the white lions was brown named when we had a farm house in my father's name as age party. I think of the dogs - named edwards (I can't remember their names) these were edwards of edwards in one way edwards the other one named the bonds. The centre of the building would be named, left of edwards floor for dancing, it was

decorated with snowflakes & streamers -
 I started up using late a was found
 asleep on a pile of coats in the
 shed next door, which had been
 fitted up as a ladies room.

The town place sometimes took on
 quite a holy purpose before the war
 was planted when Dad would take
 the road in a large mound there.

He would make a cross on the top &
 we would pray for a good harvest
 & I would tip the mound it with
 reverence!

— in riding and was a great place for
 riding & was it a I had plenty of children
 & many with around the time of the
 summer milking as they the village
 were then appearing along with cars
 or a wife had their milk supply
 in order it at about the time a pint
 & named it out generally from
 the 17 gal. drums which stood
 around the dairy.

The dairy was always cool & clean
 based with damply shining tiles &
 frequently white-washed. There were a
 milk cooler & a shed through for season
 milking. I bought a table for butter
 making. We started for butter only one
 a week, but butter was an important
 butter-maker & would take about 300
 when we were first married, we got
 his very early in the morning to the 1000
 when in 500 million were sold in
 village. There is no more!

The Dad also made cheese - a was had
 a cheese room where I made cheese
 stood on inside shelves. They were
 through in's was again in 1920 the
 year of the General Strike when we
 could not send the milk to London.
 The cheese press was a handsome
 one with a set of horse of dairy made
 & was in through since the decoration
 of probably went the sheep when we
 left the farm as did the horse.

Thomas' which were piled in a corner of the stable.

There were many traps & pans & mortars lying around which would be used as antiquities men. I liked to see the room on the large loads of mice which were set up for steam.

One room we had an extra quantity of surplus milk. The separator was brought out of retirement. It was a complicated machine which made a stirring noise like an airplane.

One a friend close the farm, lived an old man who was fond of trying the will ~~to~~ to make flying machines. He was still spinning the day - a thin "I am young that I cannot swim" he said. On another occasion he was watching a plane during accidents very slowly. "Really the

bit learnt to manage. Susan got the said thinking of his days as a child; with uniform dress.

The farmhouse had 1634 saved by the door. It had formerly had a wheel shed and a pot implement & a wheel which was a corn mill. The point one on the Thomas' site said as the source we were told was about three miles away.

The kitchen was large & cozy we spent most of our time in there when we were not working outside. There was a long scullery table outside often had eight or ten people sitting around it on Sunday evenings when the family & friends gathered. On many occasions we used the

board. There was a house there & a great window. "I hope the home was running. There's a long long trail" etc. at the camp for the weekly event were returned. "Sisters" etc. were performed, & I showed to watch the negotiations during up I suppose this was how they raised the money.

for the blue memorial.

We had no bathhouse, and the W.C. was across around winding garden paths. Quite a long walk - you needed to start in time, & it was disconcerting if you found it occupied when you got there. So anyone around 'yacht' was would call. I noticed that the boys did not prefer to go all the way to the little house, but would sometimes just stand by the water. Once I tried to enjoy them with disconcerting results. The day windows was open with the door down & we were no further than that it was considered improper for the woman to see us leaning the back. So in the summer was being in the day I was sometimes trapped in the smelly stink of the N.E. There was a shared toilet house which one of the boys had drawn on the wall & the window would graze at me.

Even during the night to learn all the ways of life from our early age, perhaps the boys did that I was not encouraged to play in the sand and so never saw a egg from at home why the migration was varied and wild. Someone asked me why that summer was strange to us. The same winter water was not going. They were simply going to receive dirt and give large 'bats' of change within the sand was left remaining seeing that we did not see the mess. My own mind sometimes tells me that evening but only in an emergency I think. The bathing was a different matter especially women's waste, & I was never interested in women in the bathing of showers & showers. Future visit Aylmer's & there was a lot of treatment of bathing chairs which had in them, by the water like.

I think the life line located over a log with stream, where I was every young & sometimes hunted the ducklings & made my drive & eat in an immovable quiet until I was discovered & scolded.

Water my first amphibious job was during these ducklings & circus activities were in cages around the farmyard that steam water, where I came from from school. I've always enjoyed watching

I was only 4 years old when I observed a great deal of summer my first morning there. Not being used to open, I was when my home in the field during the morning visits & was left behind in the visible high ground. Eventually someone noticed me & started before me in a lot and asked by the glowing that time alone.

Removal it's there was a sort of shelter, for most of us installed a long way to school & arrived over lunch in common school. Our teachers which mostly confounded cases, were not to keep us from the line above. The stars would get the hat & cover our mouths but the distance the quite said.

Sometimes some of the looser children were making to eat & water within the more moderate ones which summing up. I was surely within more than enough & just before me that I never remember driving past with them.

I never saw, from a more serious view was either one. I only learned, however, some of the birds from a hand that about 3 miles away. My father thought they were about as one & the other had visited that distance to their first school at that time.

She said that her Mother would start them off in a procession & they would chant. These took it really kind, tried to start to Telling! The start of them wearing up to the front as they were most of the way.

There were about 110 pupils at our school with one headmaster & 3 teachers, unqualified but good I think. The Boss was kind of course. I was always very much afraid of him because he was known to use the cane a lot, particularly on one poor boy.

He often came into our infant's room, our teacher seemed to like him very much, but I would shake with nervousness. He tried to make friends with me & once took me into the 'big room', stood me on the desk & told me to read to his class. When I got the word 'compassionate' right, the had to clap me, but I never lost my fear of him.

I don't know who decided that we should have a school-outing, but it was a great success. Most farmers including my Dad, lent their wagons & carts which were loaded with a load of straw for us to sit on. The horse drivers had been painted & flowers & flags decorated our procession at Caversham Park, about 4 miles away. There we saw cars & 2 ambulances. I had a car number being drawn a health where P. I had heard the cars' but surely that was in Albany or did he make a point of it? It was a simple street, but gave magnificent pleasure, as we had few outings.

The railway station was quite a long way from my home, & as there were no buses, it was difficult to leave the village, though Dad sometimes took us for a ride in the 'horse a trap' with the driver etc.

partle in a fields full of winter
I can't remember ever being bored

My friends & I caught minnows
with a worm on a bent pin. The first
fish I ever did in the construction of
jars jars & we had frequent funerals
in the 'firt's cemetery' with matches
shoes for coffins. Terrible children!

With the woods almost free of
truffles, we could have traps at Glais
tips on our way to school. We liked
to trap shrike too & Fred various ball
games. My favorite was 'Alara
Post man'. The ball was bannet
& kept out in various ways
as we sang. One, two three Alara
etc. remaining with 'Alara
Portman' I can't imagine how he
got into it.

In the school play ground we
usually played 'Sheep' sheep come
home' & round games, with
strange chants which the oldest
girls taught us.

I don't think our parents worried
if we were late home from school
& there was no need to warn us
of strange men, for we rarely saw
any. Occasionally also men would
come through the lanes with a
stick, or we would decide
that the unknown traveller in
cardinals was a doctor - one of
a group who would drive cattle
to market. There were gypsies some
times, but we quite liked meeting
them, & talking to them. Children
- I liked school it was well &
I am convinced to any extent must
have been very good, but I was
never there.

There was one incident through which
was my name Dorothy at school -
when I was I was I was I was?

It liked to write about I'd
received much letters & get
is that gratified on my mind
I should

I was standing behind my high chair in the kitchen which I had been pushing up to the table to my Daddy, when my sister said "He doesn't want you by him, you're not his little girl".

She did not know that it was a painful remark. Children do not always know when they are cruel. I can remember saying many kind things myself. I can now see the things I said & colour for the way even years old. I had seen the baby of the family, until I orphaned at birth suddenly came to live with her parents.

I gradually learned what Mother & Dad were not my real parents but my Aunt & Uncle. My Aunt was my real Father's eldest sister when my own Mother died she was distracted, with a son

children to care for a man a 3 1/2 to 4 months addition. They thought I probably hoped that I was dead too, I don't know how I survived my first four days.

Then Mrs. Miller came to the funeral she loved all families, so although she had 5 children of her own took on the charge of raising me, a 3 was driven in a horse & trap for 14 miles to my new home.

My uncle was not good of children but was a good Christian, a 7 son in as a duty, Tony never legally adopted me, but I called them Mrs. & Daddy - Mrs. & Mrs. girls Mr. & Mrs. & the village people particularly called me my uncle's surname. When my confession was written at school I was on the register & under my Father's name I saw only ~~children~~

Seeing him once.

'Mother' had reared many baby animals - lambs, piglets, geese & foch on the bottle. She said she used the same methods on me, taking milk from the dairy, & I must have taken for 3 months & soon became a healthy child.

She had more and that winter baby's skates & equipment, but I later learnt that she received girl's young meat of the village market. I rode in a harness & wore gowns which had been used by the gentry. An old mid-wife came to bathe me morning & evening & dress my wounds which did dismay Mother when she first saw me undressed. Besides my mother's like had been the priority, and that Mrs Barnes would take no payment for that help, I was

in many ways a favourite & loved being as much of the neighbours were interested in me & I gave us to see myself as one of a large family. I, unlike my own brother & sister had been so popular.

My cat was two old chairs wide - called white water (swamp) against the wall. I still have them & must realize they are Stratton. I had some beautiful furniture which had come from Mother's home, but with the three carpets - was not valued & was left behind when we moved.

These were an old feathered cradle in the attic house. I of making any probably got used taken to the barn for a calf - ewe!

Mother had another when we were when I was about 4 years

old when our Spanish died a last day old trophies! First a I went always together would I went to school a even as a primary and around watch for me the behavior we really loved each other & were almost inseparable.

Suddenly life deteriorated for us, as Mr Sam Smith started a bus service to Trincomalee, twice a week I think it was. He also kept frogs, and if they needed extra attention for this time, stable would be returned at about 12.15.

Our friends were down a short drive, & if we mounted it was the time, we flew a flag & Mr Smith would stop to allow the town. We had quite a good time one day, it must have been during school holidays & I'd been looking forward to a

was visit to town. We had taken off our dust cloths & started work when we heard Sam's horn, & we see now, say either one thing or that other, grabbing our coats & hats & we are off for the time.

Everyone from everyone, so the journey was a chance to exchange news. I'm not facing each other) about what time we would start back home. Sam said one of his boys had passed, & we must be late, but his girl was. I think to wait for water, & we would get a cup of tea at the long corner, & would be 30 minutes.

I was more interested in an area on our way. It was a great area as we're at Trincomalee we never had there in the village. There was one shop where I bought a Cap-a-3 wonder! Then this lady had had allowed that is that heading

Russian going a head about what
 said there a that we would take
 me through the coats of sugar - the
 it is a little more behind with
 could split on the 'stair' faced up
 look I always wear "I wear" ~~rebranded~~
 buying any other cloth, I think it
 was all from made, I did not
 mention one until I was a teen-ager

that is the Co-op was the black
 white, whose house was covered
 with roses. The boat was a flower
 bed shaped like a huge horizontal
 which in Spring was full
 of yellow flowers. He was a mighty
 man, I had learned to have a
 'stomping' shirt and 'tee' but
 looked out there, at the top out
 of it whilst waiting to see. Each
 The days was fascinating to
 us children as was the watching
 at the other end of the village
 by we could watch the landing
 when the large wheels came

rolling out of the flower.
 close to the 'with' ~~with~~ ~~with~~ was
 another. Big house. The coat - look
 was set into the wall a most
 evening. Flirt & I would have to
 take letters there.

The garden would often be set
 on the wall ~~something~~ I think
 perhaps he watched for us as the had
 no children. I would usually say
 "Are you coming in to help me?"
 This was like an invitation to
 Fairyland, for it was a very
 beautiful garden it was full of
 flowers. There were wide borders
 leaved with clipped grass, and so
 many flowers.

When I had filled the watering
 can, he would lead me round
 a' make me eat their long
 names. I never learnt to spell
 eschscholzia.

a few nights were after disturbed sleep attacks of arthritis, (did he have the vision backward of Farmer's being?) no doubt he was never then ready for sleep about a long day's work.

Farming was not profitable in the 1920's. The man's wages were only about 25/- per week, although they did get a few 'bushes' in the way of credit, plenty of 'limwood', & perhaps a bit of it. It never gave them a struggle to give their ramblers.

Our cousin's wife was a very nice, intelligent woman. I wonder now how she likes doing out working for a sickling a week, and some work. Two of her family of 5 died of 'concomitant'. Their elder daughter was one of our cousins, & was milkling regularly whilst they were ill. I suppose we all became unacquainted.

The farmer's wife well fed, but not well off, a many went bankrupt.

including the of Dad's ramblers. I know that he too was very unwell on one day appointed on one occasion.

He had never been unwell in me but had no love for me either, and I remember heard him quarrelling with him, & saying that it was time I went back to my old Father.

He had remained, & had never contributed towards any sheep at all. I never acknowledged my visits, and except on occasional birthday card. On one of these I read 'F. Light, year is ago today I lost your Mother, which I didn't exactly contribute much to a happy Birthday, but gave me a feeling of guilt.

My aunt loved me & worried to keep me, she told me to be very good & quiet. Perhaps we had a better harvest, & after a time

it seemed to be accepted that I was still one of the family, but I never really felt secure again. Being good became something of an obsession with me, not because I liked it, but as a means of survival. Two later when I was doing well at work & sometimes labelled as a do-gooder, I used to wonder if I was not still driven to atone for my Mother's death.

Anyways it paid off in my school years. I did school things I could be proud of, I was always top of the class. I became something of a teacher's pet, which compensated for having to be 'seen' a not heard at home.

It was very fortunate for me that at about that time I had a new boss,

He was quite young I suppose, very different from the former headmaster, I soon grew to like & respect him very much.

I was certainly not his pet, he was interested in us all, & brought out the best in us, even the duller child.

He also taught me not to be afraid of men, & perhaps became a Father figure to me.

I had always liked reading, but he introduced us to real books. Reading aloud from the classics at bedtime, with one foot on his chair, & his elbow on his knee I can still remember him intoning 'It was at the'

His interest made me feel more confident & secure, & as I grew older, & made myself useful at home, I was accepted by Dad & was much happier.

My school friends & I helped our mothers with household jobs on Saturday mornings, but in the afternoon we were free. Perhaps the brothers thought we would get up to mischief as the Girls Friendly Society was formed, & most of us joined. I met in the Village Hall, under the eye of an elderly widow, nice but very bad & always wearing black. She taught us darning & patching, & read to us while we worked, 'Little Women'. What Katy Did & 'Little Lord Fauntleroy' were among our favourite stories. My mending usually meant darning the hems of the long black-woolen stockings I wore.

Our mother was 'Bear ye ye one another's Burden' & we ended with prayers and a hymn. Sometimes I accompanied the singing, as with a little help from Father, I had

learned to track myself to play the piano.

Now I would describe us with the appropriate qualification "Of year past, in a world like this. For thou shalt know we long. To know and be strong."

I think we quite enjoyed it all, but I sometimes wished we had just lived instead, it sounded much more fun. However, I am a very good danner.

On Sunday afternoon I went to Sunday School for a time where we were taught the catechism. The only part I remember now is 'Not to eat or drink at other men's

goods, but to learn & labour daily to get my own living - in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call me'. I took it all very seriously, & must have

them a worldwide little thing
I think it is a great one a useful
lesson through. To cultivate a
contented mind, & not to worry
about 'feeling' us with the Jones'
I can't believe it did much for my
Swingway school-mates though.

We did not get much long school
holidays as modern children do, but
there were winter days for special
occasions. One of these was May Day
Empire Day. Then we attended in
the evening, meeting ours of and
white and blue flowers
would be

The Union Jack was flying in
the school yard & we entered hand
in attention & sing patriotic songs
ending with "Gods little people
gay". On the 21st of May, there
were cheers & about 'buray' as
it is 'glad Empire Day'
Once the days, the later one

talked to us about other Empires
which had come & gone & that were
the British Empire would last for
ever. Some points were quite
absurd when the records were
repeated to them.

We tried to encourage us to
read the newspapers and we were
satisfied to have a discussion on
current affairs each morning. I
found it did a very good & I
started bringing woodlice in, in
out. Bandwagons & carrying them
own noses on the date which
this lesson was on. I'd begun
to discover that it was fun to
be naughty sometimes. But was
made to stand on the form
as a punishment, and will die
hardly of that very much.

The newspaper at home was Dad's property anyway, the newspaper arrived in a few minutes' evenings would sit in his rocking chair by the parlour fire, and read it from end to end.

Then he would relax, & discuss quite approachable, & after supper would play card games (with donations for prizes) a halma or dominos, which he usually won. We would read about on the bars of the grate, he could exact walnuts, for us in this strong brand.

His fingers were often badly chapped & sometimes if I was coming he would say 'Put a stitch or two in my thumb for me' and I got wires whilst I unwillingly did so.

As I grew older I became quite unwell I suppose. We had no stop water, & before going to school I would pump the downy tank full (I developed strong arm muscles) deliver milk, & then

feed the calves. One job Dad was very pleased to hand out to me - I liked some & so took out the 'office work'. There was nothing like the amount of form filling & paper work there as there is now - but the milk had to be 'consigned' each day. Labels attached to each being churn, & monthly accounts checked.

Dad appreciated that I did this work willingly, & we grew to have a better understanding of each other.

He was a good man, not sensitive to other people's feelings perhaps, but his actions could have given them more distress & he settled on a job which I expect me regretting. I am a

Bath Mother & Dad had a real & simple faith in a loving God, which they conveyed to their family & was comforted for their twenty years they spent best night, health would go on their faces; & after

~~family prayers~~
 prayers for this family, would
 say their favorite hymn - Mathis
 who told me this, would say
 "The King of Love" & Dad's "By way
 not mine, Oh Lord" I believe it
 helped them through the many
 tragedies their lives held.
 One great sadness came with
 the sudden death of a daughter in
 law, which left another mathis
 child in the family. I was eleven
 then and I can remember Suena
 as a lovely young woman.
 Mathis was never quite the same
 afterwards. Looking back, I think
 what the shock must have given
 her a form of agoraphobia, for
 what as she had taken a lively
 & glib interest in all the village
 affairs, organizing the concerts
 and dances, she now would not
 or could not, leave the farm.

Fortunately she retained her
 interest in the painting, & loved
 to have visitors, but her circle
 narrowed. She needed help, but
 no one understood her passion,
 & we were often impatient with
 her.
 She had domestic interests to
 which she devoted our huge
 lawn was stocked with grass
 & pickles, & many kinds of
 home-made wine.
 This was loved in large
 large entertaining parties with
 great cooking pots on which
 the great heron sat. She
 would usually put in with
 wooden barrels. When she
 was more of an amateur at
 wine making, she even used
 to take those one evening to
 find the red-tailed lizard

first ~~blanquette~~ ^{but first} with wine, when
a barrel ~~filled~~. Her cows & a
friend were on their knees
praising up the liquid through
sticks of macaroni!

She was a really gifted
needle woman, with original
ideas, making up her own
patterns in buttoning coats
or embroidery.

Fortunately, a patcher met her
and Mother did not need to go
out for anything except to us.
The patcher called daily, and a
fisherman, geographer & butcher
weekly, & still more regular
visits from a man riding all
sorts of hardware. Someone we
called 'the outsider' called
weekly to take grocery orders,
which was later delivered
in a large wicker basket by
a horse.

If we wanted clothes, any of
the shops would send out
patterns or apparel from
Cincinnati.

Sybilus, too, called, with their
baskets of needles, pins, cotton bales,
anything out of the basket my dear.
I remember one calling with
some Dutch mats, saying that she
was seven months in the family
way's promising seven years
good luck & a handsome husband
to my cousin if she brought one.
When she refused, she gave
me a pair of earrings and you must
know what a husband, you see
too means.

Even coats & shins were brought
around for sale, & ours were refused
if not this rather mysterious
source. We seldom had any
furniture, but had what would
now be valuable antiques.

which came from Mother's home. I still have the oil lamp which was an only source of light as we used to play on winter's evenings. We used candlesticks in the bedrooms.

When I was eleven, many of my school friends sat for a period the scholasticship which admitted them to the grammar school, which was about four miles away. Mother did not want me to compete as she hoped that I would stay at home when I was fourteen & help with the poultry & dairy which that even children had done.

Also she was very nervous about the idea of the cycle ride which I would have to make, since Sum's death she had become over- anxious for

her family's safety. At the time I did not really mind, but have since very much regretted my lack of further education.

So did Standard III & IV classes were left quite small. I think now that we older children had a lot of individual attention & were well taught in the limited subjects available. Everyone could read & write quite well, & the boys were encouraged to enjoy the classics & Shakespeare plays.

Once we went to Swindon by train, to see F's Tom Fair St. My first visit to a theatre. The boys also took us to the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley, but strangely all I can remember clearly of that outing is the huge crowds & noise at Paddington & in the Pavilions

It was worse than Cinnamon
trap Fair.

I can remember how good
it was to come back through
the fields, & to see the Thorns
I thought that perhaps some of
that great river had passed
through and little loose at
home, which more & more delighted
me.

When it was light evenings,
I always took Eliza there for a
walk & saddle. Being a splendid
she loved it too, & would sing
me to turn out the large
stepping stairs & escape some
strange, exalike creatures I
think they were Miller's thorns
but she would gobble them
up before I could examine
them.

All sorts of flames open on
the banks of the stream.

A thing fishers meant there. When
the water was low, terns came
& stood in the pools to catch
the trout & smaller fish.

We were not taught much
natural history at school, but
I tried to teach myself & the
partridge & man on the farm,
knowing I was interested,
showed me notes, & taught me to
recognize birds. They read local
names sometimes which I could
not find in the books. It was a
long time before I found that a
'living leaved bird' was a long
tailed tit.

My cousins had never been
interested in such things &
thought it very odd that I
enjoyed these long walks with
only Eliza. I learnt afterwards
that they suspected me of
meeting a day friend.

There were some nice boys in my class at school, but they had a different playground from the girls & infants & I don't think we mixed much, or took much interest in each other.

Sometimes we ran races & they called me 'Windmill' because of my long arms & legs. "She de go slawawawing along like a long dog!" I heard one day. Most of us had nicknames. One very attractive boy was called 'Spurweny'.

Village life was changing, the big house was after that near, & I remember the 'River Turns' were living amongst us for a while, & were beautiful & interesting. But 'Hornbills' had married & a few servants were employed by the gentry, so we were not

so aware of what it was, had seen a course of games & winter games from the servants hall. I left school when I was fourteen reluctantly, but it was easier because the boys were leaving too, & I had a well deserved vacation.

The last thing he did for me, was to visit Mother & try to persuade her to let me train as a pupil teacher. Probably the idea may have been considered if I'd been eager to do so, but it had never appealed to me. At Aunties, and with a little knowledge of life, I could see that it would have opened a door,

my friends were going into service or becoming shop assistants. I quite liked the farm work, but hoped I'd be able to travel, perhaps work in an office.

People said I was 'cut off' with
my 'business under Father's table' so
I stayed at home - I didn't expect
to be there for twenty years!